

The Bicycle Manifesto

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Plate 1

The first thing you need to learn about bikes, is that you've been brainwashed by a mechanized commercial machine not to want them. Since the invention of the automobile, Americans have been sold the dream of status and success in the form of a motorized vehicle. For thousands of years, mankind has survived, built empires and wonders, all without being able to travel faster than a horse can carry them, and without more torque than can be mustered by beast and man. The bicycle, operated by a man of valor, can travel as far as a good horse in a day, without any of the expenses on grain and veterinary care associated with that glorious and ancient form of transportation.

The bicycle leverages very simple mechanical advantages to give you the greatest leverage against the wild and far reaching concrete steppe. It's invention and development is much like the perfection of the Trireme in antiquity. Using nothing but wood, rope, cloth, and the famed iron beaks of those vessels, sea transport was perfected to a degree that allowed for global navigation using nothing but natural physics and the strength of men.

The oarsmen of Athens were famously selected from the most noble citizens, this was no mean labor assigned to slaves, these craft were propelled by the zenith of Athenian

aristocracy using nothing but raw force and intellect. In this way, the triremes of antiquity were not just manufactured objects to get from point A to B. Their coming and going was as an organism possessed by the daemonic spectre of the State. We may understand therein the meaning behind designing them as beaked beasts of the sea, with those ever watchful eyes painted upon the prow. Within these craft were the oarsmen & captains hand picked by the State, whose effectiveness determined commercial success and the outcome of war. This was a job of the highest importance in antiquity.

Such principles may rightly be applied to the bicycle, commanded by an autarch whose every decision and motion propels the craft through space and time. The Cyclist is both captain and oarsman, the Führer & Wehrmacht of his manifest & destination. A one man army against the deep state using the most basic principles of physics and engineering to gain mastery over his environment through his weapon of choice: The bicycle. It's wheels keep him in motion after the act of exertion, multi-gear systems make acceleration and uphill climbs smoother and require less intense effort. Downhill terrain at various points in your travels will carry you great distances at speed just by utilizing the weight of your body to propel you forward, offering a gentle reprieve from one's exertions. Alternate routes can be mapped through terrain that motor vehicles cannot legally or physically access. Your own mental ability can thus add an advantage in how you plan your routes. Though, If your destination is 5, 10, 25, 50 miles away, there are no shortcuts, you must find the strength and will power inside of yourself to arrive.

The Bicycle in this way applies all of the noblest principles of ancient transportation, requiring physical and mental exertion that guarantees the vitality of the operator. During the American Revolutionary War, the French General Lafayette was required by circumstance to mount his horse and ride all night from Boston to Newport, a distance more than 50 miles, to arrange a retreat after a series of chaotic naval operations. These archaic forms of transportation that required exertion to function once tested men, and thereby gave them opportunities to earn fame and glory.

Plate 2

The private motor vehicle is a very different form of transportation. It is expensive, it supports the monopolized infrastructure of our enemies and makes them very rich, it affords only brief moments of leisure, and does very little to promote health and vitality. It should be made clear that this manifesto does not target professional drivers who use a vehicle for a living. Some men require motorized transport for their professions. This polemic is strictly directed against the automobile as luxury consumer product. The decadence of the private automobile has accustomed Americans to a disastrously sedentary culture, the American man is no longer liberated by his automobile, but enslaved by it. Since the invention of the Television and the industrialization of advertisement, ads have been used to sell cars, and that is the historical source of where our ideas about cars as status symbols came from. It comes from guys like Madmen's Don Draper in the 50's who, for all his charm and appeal, was more or less trapped inside of the industrial advertisement machine of the post-war world.

In those days, the car was a vessel of independence, but not anymore. Today, our vehicles are largely manufactured overseas, with complex computer chips managing the vehicle performance, making it impossible for your uncle or local mechanic to do a patch up job if you run into problems. On top of this, the vehicles are massively marked up for retail, after all, nobody buys their cars up front in cash anymore, the dealers expect you to take out a loan and pay it off later after you've sunk a few thousand dollars into the interest payments that go into the pockets of a predatory bank. Lets not forget the gas, the oil changes, the tires, the break lights, windshield fluid, did a tiny pebble fly into your windshield? That's going to be a couple hundred dollars. A screw pop your tire on the road? Gotta replace all four tires, they don't sell them as singles anymore. Fork it over.

For some of you reading this, money is not a problem, and none of these issues matter. However, For the majority of young men coming of age today with no inheritance, the dream of owning a car someday is just that, a dream. Nothing more than a mentally ill fantasy of a delusional man stuck inside of the broken simulation of a mid-western American suburb in the 1950's. Don't get me wrong, it would be great to live in that place at that time, but that's not where we live anymore. Confronted with this reality, a man has a choice. Either to continue cucking himself by turning over his hard earned money to an industry that is using him as a cash cow, or to stick it to the man and buy a mountain bike at a police auction for a hundred bucks.

That's what I did a little more than a year ago, I bought an Italian bike, and named it "The Duce" after one of my favorite

Italian artists. Like most Rust Belters, I fell on bad times more than once, lost my car, my apartment, had to move in with my parents for a few years. When I finally got back on my feet and moved into my own place, I chose a spot in the city, well positioned next to various public transit hubs for contingency, but also connecting to all the major bikeways that course through the underbelly of my city. I moved into my apartment in Minneapolis during the quarantine in the spring of 2020, just before the riots started. I remember one of the first times being out and about on my bike, I was checking out the rallies. On the way, I had an interaction with a Latino gang banger sporting a sheathed bowie knife on his hip, he asked me which direction the protests were, I pointed in the direction and went on my way. That was only hours before a functioning bank in our neighborhood was pillaged and looted. I say this not to glorify what happened, those protests were largely a libidinal unfocused rage of minority communities against policing policy developed in collaboration with Israeli military personnel. I say these things to tell you that, even in the midst of total civil unrest, I was travelling on my bike throughout the city without even the slightest feeling of being in danger. One time I almost ran into a group of thugs on the sidewalk, they dodged me as I went past and I instinctively shouted back a quick apology, "Sorry bro!" and kept biking. The illusion of fear surrounding inner city life is for weak effeminate men who either can't handle themselves, or can't imagine that the bad experiences they have had with minorities stems from the fact that they appropriate the status symbols of the decadent elite. In short, if you ever get robbed or harassed, it's probably your fault.

That being said, life in the mix and on the streets isn't all bad. In a car, you miss everything going on around you. You don't find that perfect smoke spot on the side of a river beneath a tree. You don't accidentally stumble upon that dive bar tucked away in a bad neighborhood next to a major highway. You don't get to ask that girl struggling with her bike if she needs help with anything. How many opportunities in life have you missed because you were forced behind the wheel of a motor vehicle by a commercial industry that hates you and wants to take your money?

Plate 3

The only answer to this dilemma, as with most problems, lies in the tombs and texts of the ancients. The Cyclist is connected to the city in an ancient and primordial sense, he sees the people, the rustic masonry of an apartment complex from an era when people actually made beautiful living spaces. By exposing himself to the city, the Cyclist is given a window into its dangers and its glories in a way that the car commuting pleb can never understand. It is by his own bodily strength, and mental commitment to the lifestyle of a Cyclist despite its hardships that grants him this divine privilege. Every day he survives without dependence on the car industry and its wicked disembodied international tentacles, is a victory against the Globo-Homo Cthulhu monstrosity of our age.

These things stated, there are very real dangers that are part of being a Cyclist. My own cousin was a victim of such hazards when she was struck by a motorist going 55 miles an hour through a red light. When she went to the hospital, she flat

lined on the operating table and was revived. She suffered medical complications for more than 10 years before passing away. When I think about my cousin, I think of her as a casualty in the war against modern life. However as it was with the ancients, I believe that our noble dead should not make us fear to further engage in this war against modernity, but should inspire us with the animus to continue waging it, so that the deaths of our fallen comrades will not have been in vain.

There is no weapon forged by man that does more damage to the corporate cabal of satanic pedophiles than the bicycle. The Cyclist maintains perfect health and incurs no medical expenses, for real or fake diseases. The Cyclist does not fork over his money to the mandatory car insurance racket, or foreign manufacturers that extract wealth from US markets via retail markup, while commercially enslaving the international proletariat. The Cyclist can recycle parts from broken bikes and do his repairs with his own two hands, and often times can find these parts discarded on the side of the road at no cost. An abundance of Cyclists also forces the hand of city governments into creating wider walkways along the streets, narrowing roads that slow and calm traffic, and create all around more pleasant and walkable cities, all in the name of their personal Jesus "public safety". This is in fact the secret to the glory of Europe's finest cities. The Scandinavians and the Dutch in particular prioritise the convenience of the Cyclist in their urban design. This creates wonderful carless streets, plazas, outdoor cafes, parks, and walkable neighborhoods that foster the development of cities where owning a motor vehicle is completely unnecessary. The

more Cyclists who take to the streets in protest of motor vehicles, the more that local municipal governments will be pressured into creating more & larger bike ways, at the expense of motor vehicles, furthering the dismantling of the Globo-Homo car industry and the marketing tyrants who sentence us to a lifetime of rush-hour prison.

Now, concerning the Cyclist's dating life, he is much more traditional than all other men. Any woman he commits to must maintain close proximity to his living and working territory in order to acquire the privilege of his commitment and presence.

A woman who perceives a motor vehicle as a marker of status, is automatically filtered out of his dating pool. While this reduces available mates, it dramatically increases the quality of his candidates. His superior financial condition may allow for his spouse to remain at home and take up the role of wife in the traditional manner that is unavailable to households that have a dependency on motor vehicles. In the age of remote work, you or your spouse may only need one motor vehicle. The expectation that both parties in a marriage must drive to work, is a ridiculous relic of a bygone age of consumerist herd mentality that is now only the province of whores and fools.

Plate 4

Certainly however, this lifestyle is not for all age groups or genders. According to the custom of the Roman Legionnaires, one ought to retire from the art of war after the age of 45, and settle into a more leisurely lifestyle that suits the nobility of old men who have earned their leisure through hardship and toil. However, between his coming of age, and the age of 45, a

Cyclist might consider himself as once did the *Celeres* or the swift military elite who served as guards and messengers of the early Roman Kings. They typically did not fight mounted on horseback, but used horses in the fashion of the French Dragoons, or Indo-European Charioteers arriving to the field of battle by horse, fighting the enemy in bursts, and remounting for escape. A Cyclist may also consider himself akin to the *Hoplōn*; aristocratic ancient Greek infantry who supplied themselves with their own arms and armor and fought on behalf of the State.

In the guerilla war against international commercial interests, it is important to develop self sufficiency and mobility without supporting your enemies. It is thus my view that the kit of any modern *Hoplōn & Celeres* ought to include a bicycle. However, much like a firearm, the Bicycle is useless if you do not familiarize yourself with its use, maintain your fitness for it, and if you do not take the time to mentally map out the urban environs in urban areas where the likelihood of a hotwar grows warmer as time progresses. The bicycle offers a great shield of optics, on the surface the Cyclist appears to the world as an unwashed civilian hipster, but silently and internally he chants his mantra to himself: "*WWG1WGA*"...

We don't need to look only to the ancients however for examples of the military application of bicycles. Throughout the great wars, commanders on all sides recognized the value of the bicycle and created "Bicycle Infantry" units for scouting & messenger missions, domestic defense, and militias. The infamous "Buffalo Soldiers" were an all black cavalry unit tasked with testing the combat efficacy of bicycles and rode

hundreds of miles across roadless Montana terrain. Perhaps this story reveals some of the secrets concerning the origin of the African American's unquenchable desire for bicycles.

Ethnographically speaking, the Buffalo Soldiers showed the American Negroe that the bicycle is nothing short of Promethean flame, the possession of which brings glory and martial advantage. The Japanese also however demonstrated an affinity for the bicycle by employing nearly 50,000 bicycle troops against China during WWII. Thus, both the Japanese and the American Negroe may be employed to great effect as shock troopers to inspire fear into the very heart of the CCP if they should ever even think of conducting operations on US soil. Lo' they may control Washington DC, Hollywood, and Silicon Valley, but we have architected the secret of their demise. Nips and Nigs on bikes.

Plate 5

In such case of a foreign invasion, it will be necessary for every able bodied man to be well acquainted with the urban landscapes of city centers where operations are most likely to take place in a future time. His familiarity with secret routes through the city will give him a pointed advantage over his opposition who only ever sees the city through a windshield, or a map in the case of foreign mercenaries. This cognitive supremacy and dominion over his territory will naturally lead him into positions of command when the UN, CCP, or a dementia ridden President sends jack boots to enforce mandatory vaccines, fraudulent elections, or exportation of our agricultural wealth and fighting men.

In this way, the bicycle is not merely a commercial weapon, it is an intelligence gathering device. Every street you bike through enters the subconscious mind and registers it's industrial geometry, building a map with street names, landmarks, shelters, vantage points, and supply centers that firmly grounds your physical organism into the territory. The bicycle is also a psychological warfare device, as the vapors of your sweat are released through your city, the air becomes dank with it's odor, releasing a silent and subconscious signal to the city's denizens.

Before long, your pheromones linger in the city as a perfume, and when a person approaches it's source, they are filled with a subconscious awe by the manifestation of your presence. Heads turn as you pass by, propelled by your mission and bodily strength. The denizens wheel around on their heels and pay physiologically fealty to you as the Alpha & Omega with territorial dominion, although their modern liberal sensibilities won't allow them to consciously admit it. When you learn the heartbeat of the city, the ebb and flow of the concrete steppe, comfortable in the saddle, your confidence radiates like a beacon of light in a stormy post-modern sea of hyper-reality that everyone is desperate to escape from.

When you reject modernity and accept all of the struggle that goes along with that revolutionary act, you become the Anarcho-Fascist light at the end of the post-modern reality tunnel. You become a Cyclist.

"Are you ready for total war?"...

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